THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 17, 1808.

ANECDOTES *of the* FRENCH STAFF *in* PORTUGAL.

GENERAL LOISON who, on his arrival from Spain, became second in command, was, some time ago, third in command of the army of England, and no doubt feels himself peculiarly happy in meeting the *shopkeepers* upon Portuguese ground. Like his commanding officer, Junot, he rose from the ranks, having been in the life-guards, where he was one of the first that was warped from loyalty and allegiance by the jacobin emissaries. Vain and presumptuous he aspired to command, and obtruded himself frequently on La Fayette, as deserving of promotion in the national guards; but not having received any education (indeed he was totally unable to read or write) this request was not complied with, which inspired him with such a spirit of revenge that he became one of his first accusers in the jacobin club, denouncing Fayette's neglect of patriotic merit, of which he modestly adduced himself as a proof, as indicative of concealed aristocracy, and of treason against the rights of man.

When the atrocious attack was made on the Thuilleries, on the memorable 10th of August, he was conspicuous as a leader of the active citizens, and joined loudly in the yells of "no quarter—kill the aristocrats," &c. and having, at the head of a strong party of the rabble, made a cowardly attack on four of the Swiss, he was so warmly received that many of his party were killed and wounded. Among the latter he was numbered himself, for a dangerous bayonet-wound sent him to an hospital for some months, where it is said he obtained some little instruction to fit him for the part he had since to perform in the revolution. His conduct on the 10th recommended him to Murat, Robespierre, and the other blood-thirsty demagogues,

gogues, and on his recovery he was appointed commanding officer of a national battalion destined for service with the army of Ardennes; here, indeed, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself as a warrior, but his civic virtue in the military jacobin clubs soon raised him to the station of chef de brigade.

When Barras at the head of his party in the convention, brought forward the motion for the re-election of the two thirds, it was at first difficult to find any military characters to command the troops attached to their cause; at last Bonaparte and Loison were selected, and proved themselves *worthy* of the trust reposed in them by the indiscriminate massacre of 8000 *souls*—we beg their pardon—8000 *bodies*, for at that time there were no *souls* at Paris. Loison was now appointed president of the military tribunal of St. Roch, where he gave full swing to his tyrannical disposition; but as he seemed inclined to push for the fair hand of the *immaculate* Josephine, then under the protection of Barras, his friend Bonaparte by his interest with Carnot, procured him a command in Holland, where he consoled himself, like a true *sans culotte*, for the loss of the future empress, by pulling off the Dutchman's breeches. He is supposed by his infamous extortions to have realised 50,000l. in Holland, but on his return to Paris, by the assistance of a mistress and a gambling house, he contrived to bring himself to his original state of equality. He was an active assistant to Napoleon in his attack on the directory, previous to the formation of the consulate, and was afterwards present at the battle of Marengo; but it is said that he declined a command in the St. Domingo army under Le Clere, not being inclined to give up the pleasures of Paris for West-Indian luxury; he is represented as ignorantly talkative and eager to push his opinions on every subject, and has been accused, even by his friends, of being prodigal of the lives of his troops; and his conduct in his route from Spain, until his junction with Junot, has sufficiently shewn that rapine, extortion, and murder, are still considered by him as true imperial republican virtues.

General Kellerman.

The French were always remarkable for a species of *brusquerie*, but more particularly so since the revolution; the impertinent ease with which Kellerman made his observation on the *hard biscuit* at General Wellesley's table, has a parallel in his conduct at Paris, during the stay of the pope at that capital. At one of the *holy* drawing-rooms, where the pious Bonaparte had placed himself between the two cardinals, Bellois and Bernier, (perhaps in imitation of our Richard the Third, as Shakespeare so inimitably describes him appearing to the good

good citizens of London between two holy men) as if to seclude himself from the conversation of the profane sinners around him; the whole tribe of grand vicars, grand bishops, and courtly grand almoners, charmed with the devotional *debut* of the emperor, surrounded him like rays of celestial glory, when the *etourdi* general observed *rather* loudly, "Had Bonaparte always been encompassed by troops of this class, he might indeed have sung psalms with the saints above, but he would never have reigned as an emperor below." This unlucky sally was overheard by Louis Bonaparte, and Monsieur Kellerman received orders to proceed next morning for Hanover, and place himself on the staff of a general younger than himself; nor would he even have escaped so well, had it not been for the interest of the elder Kellerman, whose influence with Duroc saved him from any other punishment.

ACCOUNT *of the* BAHAMA ISLANDS.

(Concluded from Page 793.)

AS many of the Bahama Islands lie within the tropics, it would be superfluous to give an account of their climate, which is like that of the West-India islands in general. The same temperament prevails also, for nearly two-thirds of the year, in the islands which are situated farther north; but, from November to April, during the prevalence of the north-west wind from the continent, the air of these last-mentioned islands is within a degree or two of frost, and fires are then comfortable.

In so temperate a latitude, encompassed by the sea, (the air of which is on all hands admitted to be more salubrious than that of the continent,) the native adult inhabitants of these islands, together with those who have been long enough to become seasoned to a hot climate, may fairly be said to enjoy their health; and their numerous families exhibit strong proofs that the women are prolific, but it must be confessed the children look sickly. Yet, on Harbour Island, among fifty-eight families, (all natives,) only five different sur-names are found, viz. Roberts, Russell, Saunders, Sawyer, and Currie. Of the Roberts alone, there were 19 families, all within three degrees of the same common stock or ancestor.

The people in this island, in particular, are remarkable for their longevity, which I attribute much to its northern situation; and thence I think it fair to infer, that those islands, which are still farther north, would prove equally healthy. Indeed, were I to make an election for forming a new settle-

ment, I should prefer these to any other of the Bahama Islands, or to any of the new richest back lands in America.

It would be but a small expence to government, to encourage and divert, to these islands, the present frequent emigrations to America from this country. The better sort of convicts would supply the new settlers with the necessary help for clearing and cultivating the land; an aid, which cannot be procured in America, nor any substitute for it, and without aid of some kind, a man may as well say he possesses so many thousand acres of land in the moon, as in Kentucky, &c. from any advantage he may derive from cultivation, beyond bare support to his family, which must be done by his own and their hard labour.

The first European settlement, attempted in the Bahamas, was by the English, in 1668, under a patent from Charles the Second, by which the territorial property of these islands was granted to certain persons therein named. Little, however, was done or attempted at that time, and the Bahamas soon after became a haunt for pirates and robbers, whose depredations were facilitated and retreats rendered secure by the intricacy of the navigation, so little known at that time. In this state did those islands remain for almost forty years, during a great part of which period, a pirate, named Blackbeard, whose memory is still famous there, possessed the power of a petty prince, enriching himself and his followers by the plunder of merchant-ships that navigated those seas. I have repeatedly been under the large tree where he used to sit and determine all matters in question, relative to life or property, in the most summary way.

To expel these freebooters, Captain Rogers was sent out, as governor, in the year 1718. He erected Fort Nassau upon the island of New Providence, and there fixed the seat of government. Since that period, some sort of government has been continued, and of late has been improved; this it wanted. In truth, the proprietors, under the grant of Charles II. gave themselves no trouble about it; and so little was done, to encourage either commerce or agriculture in these islands, that until lately they have escaped the attention of the British government, which seemed indifferent about them, and content so long as they did not fall into the hands of any other power.

The inhabitants were poor and not numerous; their property consisted of a few small vessels and some negroes. Their occupations were confined to fishing, wrecking, and wood-cutting; agriculture they had none, nor did they conceive the country capable of it. Their only produce was fruit, with some yams, cassada, and potatoes; they raised no sheep nor horned cattle, yet in no country are sheep more prolific, yeaning

two

two or three lambs in common, sometimes four, and this twice a year.

Possibly this account may appear extraordinary to English farmers; but it is a fact which I have well ascertained. The mutton is inferior to none; and, if the smallest attention were paid to keep the sheep within inclosures, instead of suffering them to run at large in the woods, and to provide them with a little stover during the dry season, when the herbage is all burnt up, they would yield considerable profit.

They have a grass, which grows in great luxuriance after a little moisture, and would make good hay; but, having no winter to guard against, they pay no attention to it, forgetting that the poor animals are as destitute of provision, in a hot dry season, as they would be in a cold, sharp, wintry climate. I have seen the sheep, horses, and cattle, pawing and scraping with their feet to get at the roots, which they would gnaw many inches within the sandy soil. But the truth is, I did not meet with a single person, in the Bahamas, who had any idea of farming, though it would richly repay them to attend to it. To return to the first settlers; their diet was chiefly fish, and even vegetables were almost unknown among them.

In the year 1784, there were scarcely any settlements but those of New Providence, Eleuthera, and Harbour Island. The whole population then amounted to 1722 whites, (men, women, and children,) and 2388 persons of colour, a great proportion of whom were free; and, at the utmost, there were not 500 acres of cultivated land in all the islands. Their whole export to Great Britain, during the years 1773 and 1774, amounted to no more than 5216l. 8s. 10d. the principal part of which consisted in wrecked goods. Their imports, during the same period, amounted to 3592l. 0s. 1d.

So contemptible, indeed, was this government at that time, that the capital was taken and the governor made prisoner, in the course of the war with our colonies, by an American privateer. The Americans committed no depredations upon the inhabitants, and, after a short stay, left the island. The government was thereupon re-established, and soon after again interrupted by a considerable force from the Havannah, to which the island of New Providence, with the rest of the Bahamas, surrendered by capitulation in November, 1781.

By the subsequent treaty of peace with Spain, it was agreed that these islands should be restored to Great Britain. However, previous to the notification of that event, a volunteer-expedition was undertaken for their recovery, by a spirited young partisan, Licutenant-Colonel Deveaux, of the South Carolina militia, and Captain Dowd, of the Ranger privateer, of St. Augustine. They sailed from Florida, with a force of two armed vessels and about fifty militia. After picking up a few

recruits at Eluthera and Harbour Island, they approached New Providence under cover of the night, took by surprise two stout galleys that guarded the eastern entrance of the harbour; and, turning their guns against one of the forts, soon drove out the troops that were in it. After this successful exploit, a handful of men were landed, and the Spanish governor, with the garrison, amounting to nearly 700 regular troops, were intimidated into a capitulation, through a degree of gallantry and address that have seldom been equalled.

Florida being ceded to Spain, many of the inhabitants of that province, among whom were several loyal refugees from Georgia and the Carolinas, removed, in 1784, to the Bahamas, with their property and slaves, thereby doubling the population of these islands; and it is from that period their importance as a colony may be dated. The islands were soon after purchased from the proprietors by government, and the progress they have since made is wonderful.

There are now several merchants and store-keepers, whose annual exports and imports amount singly to treble and quadruple the amount of the whole exports and imports of the years 1773 and 1774. There is likewise a lucrative trade carried on with the Spaniards from Cuba and Hispaniola, who come over in small fast-sailing craft, bringing with them, besides cattle and sugars, from five to thirty thousand dollars, in specie, in each vessel, with which they purchase goods to smuggle back to those islands. The average quantity of specie may be from eight to ten thousand dollars to a vessel, and seldom a week passed, while I was there, but four or five of these vessels arrived; their business was done and they were gone again within a week. The trade, therefore, is all ready-money to the merchant and store-keeper, and it appeared to me, that, if the number of the merchants and stores were increased tenfold, for supplying the Spaniards, the traffic thither would increase as fast, it being a much more convenient port for the Spaniards to come to, than to go so far round to Jamaica, if they were but sure of a market sufficient to supply them.

The shores of the Bahama Islands abound with excellent fish; turtle is in great plenty and reasonable. Indeed, they are the only two articles of provision that are so, which is so much in favour of a farmer for raising and fattening his stock. In the woods, there are wild pigeons, which afford amusement to those who are fond of shooting; there are also wild cats and racoons, that do much mischief among the lambs, from a want of care; the racoons are generally fat, and are eaten by those who are not prejudiced against them.

THE

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 55.

To Miss ***** *****.

Scilicet insano nemo in amore videt.

PROP.

Blind is the man whom madd'ning love subdues.

WHY request me to write on the subject of *love*, since such are your charms, that you may constantly read it in the eyes of all that behold you? But your wishes are a law to me, and I glory in obedience. Before, however, I inform you what experience has taught me (and *experience*, let me tell ye, is by no means a lenient instructor), I shall give you the sentiments of some ancient and modern authors, leaving you to judge of their plausibility.

Ovid affirms, that love is inconsistent with dignity, and consequently a grovelling passion; and yet he allows that every lover is a soldier; meaning, I presume, that it gives a person sufficient courage to defy the very Dev—. Excuse me, my sweet friend! I had almost committed a *faux pas*; for you have given me a subject that kicks reason overboard, and spreads every sail to the uncontrollable breezes of fancy. Ovid further says, that there are as many sorrows in love, as shells on the sea shore. That its dart is dipped in gall. That it is blind—full of fearful solicitudes—impossible to be concealed —and (what is still worse, after all these dolorous properties) that it is *incurable!*

Horace assures us that love is a great torment; and that there is nothing preferable to a single life!—*Risum teneatis!* Is it possible Master Horace could make such a blunder? Even so.

But proceed we next to Ausonius. Lovers (he says) are a whimsical set of fellows; but when a person is resolved to marry he thinks chastity the best dowry.—Granted; I am perfectly of that gentleman's opinion, though I cannot but say, a little *pure gold* would rather enhance the lady's value than diminish it. I have no idea of love in a cottage.

But what says Virgil? Oh (exclaims he) what does not wicked love compel men to do? Trust not to beauty! Love conquers all things; and the sorrows of its votaries are as numberless as the flowers of the meadows.

Lucan is of opinion that love compels men to *disclose secrets.* —Quere? Is not this a satire on the fair sex? He meant to insinuate that this passion makes men *effeminate*; from which a conclusion is easily drawn. As if, indeed, females could not

keep a secret as well as the males. Oh fie, fie, Mr. Lucan! what a base inuendo!

Love, cries Propertius, (Propertius of whom Lipsius says, "He who loveth not Propertius, the muses love not him.") Love is blind, and knows no measure. Every lover is a slave.

Beauty, adds Seneca, is a fleeting form; what wise man would trust to so frail a good? Who can prescribe laws to lovers, since love itself is the most powerful of laws? Of early passion, he has but a poor opinion. The ardour of youth, he says, burns furiously at the outset, but it easily languishes, and is of very short duration. Or, as our vulgar saying runs, "Boy's love is soon hot and soon cold."

But the author that provokes me most is Juvenal, who has the audacity to declare, that there is scarcely ever a quarrel, of which woman is not the promoter!!!—But enough of the Romans.

It is hard (says Rochefoucault, in his ccxxxii maxim) it is hard to define love. We may say of it, however, that in the soul it is a desire to reign; in the mind, a sympathy; in the body, a secret inclination to enjoyment after all difficulties. But (as the English editor justly remarks) this is surely but a dark and confused account of it; hardly will any one cry out, after having read it, *Nunc scio quid sit amor.*

Hobbes has defined it in fewer words: "It is the love of one singularly, with desire to be singularly beloved. And the same with fear that the love is not mutual, is jealousy."

"The proverb holds (says Dryden) that to be *wise* and *love*,
Is hardly granted to the gods above.
A general doom on all mankind is past,
And all are fools and lovers first or last."

Even my *favourite* Thomson joins in the hue and cry against poor, insulted, and despised Cupid. And what of Mr. Thomson? "*Oh!*" (he exclaims with much energy,)

"Oh let the aspiring youth beware of love!
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent softness pours.
Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
Still paints the illusive form; the kindling grace;
The inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying Heaven,
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty and death;
And still false warbling in the cheated ear,

Her

Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy."

But I must not omit an anecdote told by the learned Huet, formerly bishop of Avranches, in France. He avers that love is not only a passion of the human mind, as hatred and envy are, but also a disease, which affects the body as a fever does. This opinion is not simply a supposition, but is founded in experience. A person of high fashion, and well-known character, who had contracted a most ardent attachment to a lady of great merit and accomplishments, was obliged to leave his country, and join his regiment abroad. His affection, during his absence, was kept alive by a warm and constant course of correspondence with his mistress; 'till, at the end of the campaign, a most dangerous illness threatened him with death. In process of time he recovered his former state of health; but no longer retained the passion he had so long nourished in his bosom, The violent regimen which his disorder had compelled him to use, had, without his being conscious of the change in his mind, totally eradicated the affection to his mistress. He paid the lady a visit immediately on his return to his country; and found, to his surprise, her conversation indifferent to him, and her person uninteresting.

After having given you the opinions of so many learned authors, I shall be accused of presumption in daring to advance a single idea of my own. But I am resolved to do so in spite of all the critics in Christendom; nay, if the very ghosts of Ovid, Horace, Ausonius, and the rest of them were to start up before me, I should dauntlessly persevere; and if they objected to my assertions, I would bring them immediately into your ladyship's presence; and, after viewing you, let them tell me, if they dared, that such beauty and innocence could give birth to any passion that was not transcendently noble.

Love urges on its votaries to deeds of virtue and heroism, and makes them trample with contempt on every thing base and disingenuous. 'Tis the lover's constant care to render himself amiable in the eyes of his mistress, which naturally leads to an investigation of his infirmities, and eventually to reformation. The chief ills that spring from love generally originate in the imprudence of the party that first commences the suit. A person, however transported he may feel at the sight of a fascinating face, should cautiously avoid disclosing his sentiments, 'till he has duly considered whether there are any obstacles to the completion of his happiness; otherwise he will be in the situation of a ship attempting to stem the current against the wind. Hence all the warfare of families—sighs—groans—tears—drowning—gartering—pistolling—&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. *ad libitum*.

But some hotheaded spark will tell me, that a single glimpse of such a face as *his* Celia's, or Delia's, or Ophelia's, (whichever it may be) is fatal to the peace of the mind for ever. In this, however, I beg leave to differ with him; for the first impulse is nothing more than *admiration;* and if on the next morning (supposing he had met with the lady at a ball) he should call on her, and perceive that the charms he so ardently gazed on were the effects of rouge, cosmetics, and other artificial beautifiers, he would quit her presence with as much pleasure as he entered it. Now love, on the contrary (however the object that promoted it may alter) loses no portion of its sincerity, but glows with undiminished ardour.

Much remains to be said on this subject, but as I have already exceeded my usual limits, it must be deferred 'till a future opportunity. I shall conclude with a few lines of Rochester's.

> "Love's the most generous passion of the mind;
> The softest refuge innocence can find;
> The safe director of unguided youth,
> Fraught with kind wishes, and secur'd by truth:
> The cordial drop Heaven in our cup has thrown,
> To make the nauseous draught of life go down."

Adieu, my fair friend, and believe me and my pen to be constantly at your service.

X.

On the Instinct of Dogs, and an Account of a remarkable Dog.

Translated from a foreign Work.

SUCH is the depravation of the human species that it is often compelled to seek, beyond its own limits, as well the example as the habitual practice of the most necessary virtues. Would we possess an incorruptible guardian, a faithful and disinterested companion, a friend whom adversity cannot alienate, we must not turn to man, for if we do, we shall only excite useless regret: regret to think that we must efface these estimable virtues from the history of society, or at most be content to recall peculiar instances, and admire them as something extraordinary, without however attempting to render them less rare.

But, on the contrary, a numerous species of animals present themselves, rich in the requisite gifts of sentiment, and happy in preserving them, without reserve, for the use of man, who too often only abuses them, and seldom ennobles them by appropriating

propriating them to himself. The proof which we have daily of the intelligence of dogs is, to every reflecting mind, a subject of astonishment and admiration; and no feeling heart can be insensible to the marks of constancy and attachment which they unceasingly lavish on us.

"I have seen," says Montaigne, in his *naif* but philosophic language, "a dog, conducting a blind man by the side of a ditch in the city, leave a plain and even path and take a worse, in order to remove his master from the ditch. How could this dog conceive that it was his office to watch only for the safety of his master, and despise his own convenience? And how could he know that the path, which was broad enough for himself, was yet too narrow for a blind man? How could he comprehend all this without ratiocination?"—(Essais; Liv. ii. ch. 12.)

What attachment can be compared to that of the dog, seen by all Paris in 1660, who remained during many years upon the tomb of his master in the cemetry of the Innocents? In vain caresses were employed to induce him to quit the loved remains; nothing could remove him from his post of fidelity and affliction. Several times he was removed by force, and shut up at the extremity of the city: but as soon as they loosened him, he returned to the spot, which his constant affection had assigned to him, and where, exposed to the elements, he braved the rigour of the most severe winters. The inhabitants, who resided near the spot, touched with the perseverance of this interesting animal, supplied him with food, which he seemed to receive only as the means of prolonging his grief, and the example of a fidelity truly heroical.

More recently, Valenciennes was the witness of a similar event. An inhabitant of the city died: his dog followed him to the church-yard, and lay upon his tomb: food was carried to him, which he refused to touch for three days. After having tried his fidelity by every means of enticement, a dog-house was built for him on the tomb, and he remained there for nine years without ever absenting himself more than twelve or fifteen paces from the spot, and he died then of old age and grief. (See Cours d'Historie naturelle, ou Tableau de la Nature; Paris, 1770, Tom. II. p. 103.)

But it is not only with regard to its master that the dog developes all the superiority of its instinct. There are some to whom every human being is equally the object of his solicitude. There exists, for example, upon the high mountains of the Alps a particular race of dogs, the sole destination of which is to seek for travellers who may have been involved in the snow, lost in the midst of the thick fogs which prevail there, or bewildered in impassable paths during the tempests of winter. The monks of Mount St. Bernard, hospitable inhabitants of

these frozen and almost inaccessible heights, never fail to send, every day in winter, a confidential servant, accompanied by two dogs, for the purpose of meeting with travellers on the side of the Valais as far as St. Pierre. The dogs follow the steps of the person (if any) who has lost his way, overtake him, bring him back, and thus snatch him from inevitable death.

The hair of this sort of dogs is white, with black spots round the ears, and others, which are smaller and of a fawn colour, near the eyes.

It is about the size of a mastiff. Its long hair, its pointed snout, and almost all the qualities of its body approximate it to the species of the shepherd dog, from which it probably proceeded by an intermixture, not very ancient, with the mastiff.

This race is also estimable as a watch-dog; so that it unites the good qualities of its original stock, the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the vigilance of our yard dogs.

In the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort I will here cite an example, as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of nature. It was first communicated to the public by M. Peret, jun. in the Journal du Physique, for the month of August, 1770.

In the month of July, 1768, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, littered eight young ones: she was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days that one of them was deprived of the two front paws. It was thought it would not live: but this defect of conformation did not prevent it from growing equally as fast and as strong as the others; and it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs (for so she was called) had a considerable resemblance to the wolf-dog, but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, of a brown colour: she often carried her ears erect: her tail was a good deal like that of the fox, not only in its form, but also in the manner in which she carried it.

She would caress very freely, and approached towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind legs, which she held wide apart, and the toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with: she then proceeded with considerable velocity by successive leaps and springs: but this constrained progression fatigued her very much; her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground, and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state

of

of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If Two-legs heard any noise she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck; but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1769, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

H. F. G

Fragment of a curious Will executed about ten Years before the Dissolution of Kirkstall Abbey.

IN the name of God, Amen. 4th of Feb. 1530. I, THOMAS WARD, of Leeds, of sound mind and good memory, maketh my present testament and last will, in this manner following: Imprimis. I bequeath my soul to Almighty God and to our blessed lady St. Mary the Virgin, and to all saints in Heaven; and my body to be buried within the church of St. Peter, in Leeds, in the alley before our lady; and I bequeath to the high-altar 6s. 8d. the one half for tythes and oblations forgotten, the other half to the use of the blessed sacraments: also I will that my wife have all my lands, and take, during her natural life, if she keep herself unmarried; if she be married, then I will that all my lands which I purchased of Peter Bell, of the Head-row, remain, and go to the use and mending of the highways about Leeds, after the discretion and mind of the churchwardens for the time; I give part to the way going to Wyke-bridge and Newton-lane; another part to the way going to Christal-bridge and Headingley; another part going to Beeston and Armley; another part going to Hunslet. Also I will that my wife have the house that I dwell in, and another thereby, with a pair of tenters, during her life, whether she marry or not; and after her decease, I will that both the house and tenters remain, part to Jesu Guild and our lady's service, in Leeds, equally to be divided betwixt them, and they to make an oblation for my soul, and all my friends' souls for ever, after the discretion and minds of such feofees as are made to that use.

Also I will that my wife be my full executrix of this my last will and testament, and to dispose of my goods, and fulfil my will to the health of my soul; and I make six visors of this my will—John Casson to see my will fulfilled, and to help and succour my wife; and I will that he have for his labour my aumbling horse that I ride on. Also I bequeath to the building of the south side of the church, if it be taken down, the sum

sum of 20s. and if it be not taken down, I will that my wife dispose of the 20s. after her mind; also I will that the day of my burial, mass and dirge be sung for my soul; and I will that every priest have 8d. Also I will that every one of my children have 8d. and every one of my brother's children and sister's children, 4d. Item, I give to my brother 20s. or two kye, whether my wife thinketh better; and I will that Jannet Little have one why, or 10s. in money; and I will that Richard Casson, my god-son, have one horse, and Agnes Watson, 3s. 4d. and Margaret Harrison a green gown, or three yards of cloth, whether my wife thinketh better; also I will that Thomas Hirst's wife have 6s. 8d. or one quarter of wheat.

I will also that Christopher Danby, and Sir Robert Nevile, knight, Ralph Hopton, esq. and their heirs, stand and be feofees, as well by surrender as by deed, of, in, and upon all my lands and tenements, both freeholds and copyholds, for the strengthening, and forming, and fulfilling this my last will. First, I will that all my feofees stand and be feofees for the use of my wife, and for the term of her life, and suffer her peaceably to take and receive all manner of rents of the Head-Row, as well freeholds as copyholds, which I purchased of Peter Bell, of Leeds, lately deceased; and after her decease, to the use and mending and upholding of the highways about Leeds, according to the intent and effect of one deed; and this is my last will for ever.

Anecdotes relative to the Pedigree of the Percivals.

TO the readers of chivalrous legends it is well known, that Joseph of Arimathea came to settle in Britanny, and brought with him from Jerusalem the very cup, which Jesus Christ employed at the farewell-supper, and handed round with the celebrated words: "This is my blood." The cup was never dry; but always contained some of the *sanguis realis*, or real blood of Christ; and for this reason came to be called the sang-real, or sangrale. The descendants of Joseph of Arimathea had the guardianship of this cup, and also of the real lance, which the centurion Longinus plunged into the heart of Jesus, while he hung upon the cross. A supernatural power was inherent in both these relics; in so much that they could be kept only by such as preserved their virginity. A miraculous disease always fell upon the keeper of them, as soon as he had broken the vow of chastity: and it was only by transferring them to pure hands of the same sacred family, that a recovery could be obtained from Heaven.

In the time of our King Arthur this sacramental cup and this decided spear were in the keeping of a king of Armorica,

who, having fallen in love with a fair pilgrim, that came to worship the precious relics, was punished for his frailty, by the spear's falling upon him, and inflicting a wound, whence blood and water incessantly trickled.

Arthur was desirous of possessing these relics, which were known to bring spiritual blessings on the country to which they belonged, to preserve its churches from pillage and pollution, and to strengthen the authority and reputation of its prince. In order to learn how to procure them, Arthur went to consult the dead body of Merlin, which retained the appearance of life, and uttered oracles from the tomb. Merlin declared that the time for the conquest of the sangreal was come; and that one of the knights of Arthur was the predestined proprietor. A curious catechism was proposed; and it was found that of all the knights of the round table, only Sir Percival of Wales had preserved his chastity inviolate; and that he alone could hope to achieve the conquest of the sangreal, which was in the keeping of his kinsman.

The story of his enterprize, which completely succeeded, forms the subject of one of the most extensive romances of chivalry. The prose edition of the romance of Percaval le Galois, printed at Paris in 1530, ascribes the previous metrical romance to one Messenier. The only known manuscripts of the metrical original ascribes it to Chretien de Troyes, who flourished about 1190. The German translator ascribes it to Guyot.

Distresses experienced by the Venetians in Consequence of the inhuman Behaviour of the French.

[From M'Gill's Travels in Turkey, Italy, and Russia.]

THE most illustrious persons in Venice were reduced to the extreme of indigence; but small was the number of those who escaped the general ruin. It was computed that this year, no less than a thousand of the heads of noble families were begging in the streets. At every corner, on every bridge, might be seen some fair Venetian lady, covered with a veil, and on her knees imploring the aid of charity; whilst her male relations were occupied in pursuits far less honourable, in order to procure subsistence.

The distresses of the nobles, and of the wealthy, were not confined to themselves alone; for, the Venetians being naturally ostentatious, thousands of menials and of the lower classes of the people, were supported by their bounty; these, therefore, were now abandoned to all the horrors of want; for, in the general disorder and misery of the state, where was employment

ployment to be found for them? Innumerable gay gondolas were laid aside, and their skilful rowers being utterly unqualified for any other occupation, were in a state of starvation.

It is scarcely possible to depict the miserable situation of the nobles. The Abbé ———, a man of talents and of probity, with whom I was very intimate, one morning at breakfast related to me, with tears in his eyes, the following circumstance, which he said, had happened only the night before. The abbé had passed that evening at the house of a friend; in the course of it, they were attracted and charmed by the singing of a female in the street, immediately underneath the window. The pleasure of the good abbé was, however, soon converted into melancholy; he thought he recognized the voice of a friend, and hastened to the street to ascertain the truth. The person was so muffled up that he could not discover her. He ran to her house, and his repeated knocks at the door were at length answered from within by her children, who informed him, that their mother had gone out with their father and a friend, to procure something for supper, and that having now no servant, they were locked in 'till their return. Being now persuaded that the songstress was his old friend, he returned to her, and with the utmost regret, discovered that she was the Countess C——r, who was thus singing in the streets, in the hope of collecting a few soldi to purchase food for her starving children.

In her days of affluence, she had been a remarkably fine player on the piano-forte, as well as a charming singer; the abbé, who possessed an excellent taste in music, had frequently joined in the concert with her. In those days, this unfortunate countess, was the ornament and the delight of the society in which she lived.

SPANISH HONOUR.

THAT high sense of honour which forms so prominent a feature in the Spanish character is known and valued throughout Europe: the following is a striking instance. During the American war, a Spanish ship of the line was captured: a boat was put out from the British vessel to take possession of her; but the captain calling out to the officer told him that the small-pox was raging on board, and begged him not to expose any of his men unnecessarily to the infection; at the same time assuring him that he would follow him as his prize to an English port: the offer was accepted, and the promise fulfilled.

An ANECDOTE.

AMONG the many *facetia* related of Dr. Radcliffe, it has been noticed, that when set in for a drinking bout, he was very unwilling to leave the company, even though sent for by persons of the highest consequence. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern a person called, in order to induce the doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill, but no intreaties could prevail on the son of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to the god of the vine. Enraged at the doctor's obstinacy, the man, who was strong and athletic, took him up in his arms, threw him over his back, and carried him off in spite of his resistance. Radcliffe was at first much enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectators; having cooled a little, however, before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the anxious husband, who excused himself for his rudeness by alledging the extreme illness of his wife; he then exclaimed, with a rough oath, in his usual manner, "Now, you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you, for I'll cure your wife."

SCALE OF LITERARY MERIT.

WE are told of a learned gentlemen who, in his anxiety to be esteemed a Mœcenas of literature, made it a practise to entertain all the writers of the day at his table. This mode of patronage was not unpleasant to the objects of it; in order, however, to prevent all unpleasantness, the patron judged it proper to arrange his guests according to etiquette; he therefore gave the highest place to those who had written a folio, after these came the quarto authors, the octavo, &c. This may be the reason why some authors are so anxious to sport their quartos and broad margins, when twelves or eighteens would contain all they produce worth reading.

Answer, by S. Phillipps, late an Assistant in Mr. Chivers's School, at St. Austell, to the Question inserted June 6.

PUT $x =$ the height sought $-a = 3979$ miles, the radius of the earth; then by Euclid, prop. 36. book 3. we get this equation, viz. $x^2 + 7958\,x = 10{,}000$ (a quadratic), solved, gives $x = 1.25$ nearly. Hence a person must be elevated about a mile and a quarter to see the city of London from Bath.

☞ Similar answers have been received from G. Harvey, of Plymouth; and Tristram Bath, of Wendron.

Answer, by R. Loosemore, of Tiverton, to P. Gove's Rebus, inserted August 15.

LAMENTED Nelson! once Britannia's pride,
O'er foaming billows did triumphant ride;
Perform'd his DUTY with vehement zeal,
For his dear country, and the public weal;
And tho' he's gone, yet still his honour'd name
Stands first in glory on the page of fame!

☞ We have received the like answer from J. Saunders, T. Whicker, H. Ellis, and J. Treadwin, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, J. Melhuish, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; S. Duck, and Frederick Arden, South Petherton; John French, of Evershot school; C. Crews, of Newton Abbot; W. Petherick; J. Woodman, of North Curry; W. Kent, near Camelford; Ardelio; G. Trenchard, of Bampton; J. W. of Charmouth; Hester Easter, of Poole; and J. Vellenoweth, near Helston.

Answer, by J. Trood, of Bridgewater, to J. Melhuish's Charade, inserted the 15th of August.

THE dang'rous EAR-WIG, Sir, I find,
Doth bring your meaning to my mind.

† Similar answers have been received from S. Duck, and Frederic Arden, of South Petherton; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Treadwin, and J. Saunders, of Exeter; J. French, of Evershot school; C. Crews, Newton Abbot; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; Ardelio; W. Kent, near Camelford; J. Woodman, of North Curry; R. Withall, of Plymouth; and W. Petherick, of St. Austell.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, of Ashburton.*

MY first a colour will define;
Over my next the sun doth shine:
My whole is near the northern pole,
Where ocean laves, and billows roll.

A REBUS, *by J. Woodman, of North Curry.*

A Well-known bird, ye gents. pray find,
And then a vowel likewise shew;
A space of time last bring to mind:
These parts a serpent bring to view.

A REBUS, *by J. Melhuish, of Bridgewater.*

A River name, near whose majestic course,
Have rival armies met, in marshall'd force;
Where one eventual day hath fix'd the fate
Of some great empire, and its potentate.

A goddess next who does, as poets feign,
O'er the concerns of agriculture reign;
And hark! that shout from yonder farmer's dome,
Proclaims her praise, the joyful "harvest-home."

That both my parts may be in orders rang'd,
One letter must in each of them be chang'd;
Which done correct, will strait present to view
A beast in India found—awhile adieu!

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

INSCRIPTION *for a* COLUMN *at* BAYLEN.

"Dulce et decorum est pro Patria Mori!"

WHEN mad ambition, driving wild her car,
From state to state, had scarcely left a spot,
Sacred to freedom; on this glorious field
Was check'd her desolating course. To thee,
Stranger, if virtue warm thy breast—if love
Of home, of country—that immortal fire
(Not with the Spartan lost), which erst achiev'd
So many memorable deeds, inspire
With noblest sentiments, thy glowing breast
The field of Baylen, then to thee shall be
An hallowed spot.

For many a year
Flush'd with unceasing victory, with arms,
With all the nicest stratagems of war
Familiar, and with glory satiate,
The Gaul advanc'd, e'en to this very field,
Where, traveller, thou treadest. Here he met
Defeat and deep disgrace. But, stranger, mark,
He fought with freemen! He no longer met
The weak, the trembling spear of slaves. He crouch'd
Beneath the sinewy arm of liberty,
Beneath the inspiring mind, the goddess pours
Enthusiasm holy!

Here fell—
How gloriously here fell a noble band
Of patriotic youth! who better far
Held death than slavery. Their country rears
To their immortal memory this pile;
And or a Briton, or a Spaniard, thou
Wilt not refuse a tributary tear
To those who, dying, conquer'd Gallia's troops,
Sham'd the foul tyrant, Spain from fetters sav'd,
And bade admiring Europe dare be free!

N. CARRINGTON.

Plymouth-Dock, September 17, 1808.

THE RESOLVE.

THE world's wide wilderness I roam,
In suffering and disgrace;
A stranger with a homeless home,
I find no resting place.

They know me not, nor care to know,
The few I could esteem!
Unknown—how many me befoe!
I am not what I seem.

Stay

Stay of my hope, Eternal Sire!
Point thou my doubtful way;
Oh! grant by night thy pillar'd fire,
Thy pillar'd cloud by day.

Ah! hear I thus the fix'd command?
"Each partial call forgot,
"Pursue thou, to an unknown land,
"Thy yet-appointed lot!"

I quit thee, Oh my natal isle!
And he may pardon crave,
Who never knew thy parent-smile,
Whom other shores must save.

Hail, stranger-coast, tho' seas between,
Thy fostering clime I greet;
Less cruel than my own has been,
Receive my pilgrim feet.

Thy soothing solitudes to view,
Thy balmy gales to feel,
I sigh! The charm might yet renew
My strength, my spirit heal!

Meseems those flowery plains I tread,
Those sheltering shades explore;
Again I raise my languid head,
With life unfelt before.

And kind, tho' there the savage stray,
The dreariest wild shall be;
And bright, tho' long, the darkest day,
From polish'd misery free!

Oh grant me then this last retreat!
This sabbath of the breast!
Ere death conduct my weary feet
To everlasting rest.

Afar this land of promise lies,
But faith that land can see,
Where soon the star of peace shall rise,
And cloudless shine on me.

If right my mind thy counsel reads,
Great Judge of Quick and Dead!
I follow where thy mercy leads,
Without thy frown to dread.

Land of my birth! protecting foes,
Who friendless seek thy aid;
Thy only fault—unkind to those
Who grew beneath thy shade!

England! Still throbbing high for thee,
My heart's proud wishes swell:
How bitter must his portion be,
Who bids thee thus—farewell!

My country! yet, thy banish'd one
(His term of exile past!)
Shall pray, that so his rising sun
May set in thee—at last!